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INCONSISTENCY.
Is this man Mary, maiden fair?
Such should methinks, its music be,
The sweetest name that mortal ear
Were best to fittingly
And she, to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth and half of heaven
I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
I look upon thy folded hair,
Ah! while we dream not they beguile,
Our hearts are in the same;
And she, who claims a wild bird's wing,
Must start at her captive string.
So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
To all but thee, unknown,
When evening shades thy silent walls,
Then read it all alone,
In stillness read, in darkness read,
Forget desire, but not reveal!

From Holden's Magazine.
THE COUNTRY IN CHUNKS.
BY MURDY-GURDY.

Talk about 'New York in Slies'!
Well, it's a dish to suit some palates,
No doubt, highly garnished fixings—
mustard and peppercorn predominating—
redolent of all and that most inspiring of tales—"gin cocktail."

It is generally supposed to be the
soul that relishes or disrelishes intel-
lectual "wittles," which probably ac-
counts for the fact, that many per-
sons never feel the slightest want of
any provisions of such a nature. But
the souls of most men are located in
their stomachs or are identical with
them—a proposition on the truth of
which we may lay wagers to an enor-
mous amount, as poor Pillicoddy ob-
serves with much feeling.

It is being the case, a due regard
for the health of the 'body politic'
requires not only that it should be
treated often to Hydropathy and a
clean shirt, but also, that it be ever
furnished with mental aliment in suf-
ficient variety to suit even the taste
of the most fastidious.

Accordingly we have the unleavened
bread of dull reviews and political
articles, which it is not possible, if
indeed it be lawful, for the common
stomach to digest; the butter-milk
pay and sponge cake of Laura Mat-
theu's cuisine, adapted to suit equally
well the delicate Southern and North-
ern palate; the 'mixed mess' for the
boys ladled out in the Bonkum Flag
Staff—not the bread that is the 'staff
of life'—and also the wholesome pa-
labu spread out in the pages of Holden's
Dollar Magazine.

Nothing can be more grateful to
my palate than a 'chunk' from the
country.

I don't propose to speak of the
natural features of the country, though
Hardy-gurdy might properly
discourse of 'Organic Remains.'

Let us talk of life in the country
—of the farmers who inhabit there
—these 'forked radishes fantastically
carved.'

It is not good for man to be alone
—nor for woman either—"Consevens
of wick," as Mr. Weller invariably re-
marks, after laying down his postu-
lates, man is quite prone to congre-
gate himself together! Now, you may
suppose, that in the country
where each man counts at least one
mile stone on his own land, it would
not be so easy to bring individuals
within the sphere of mutual attraction
as in the city, where the difficulty is
not to meet, but not to meet with oth-
ers.

Granted—but, notwithstanding, that the
country can't show as much life, vari-
ety and unquity if not iniquity in the
phases of its society as the brick
and mortar conglomerated city, is a
proposition which, like bilge-water,
isn't quite so clear!

Now I aver that there is more life
in a country picnic or social gather-
ing than in half a dozen city assem-
blages or parties of pleasure—and
that there is more originality I will
presently prove.

City fashionables flatter themselves,
that there is something peculiar tak-
ing and original in the 'matinee dan-
santes' which have been the rage of
Williamian Gotham of late. As to
the thing being original or confined
to the city—why it just isn't—for
you can get up an early bawl any
morning on short notice in many farm
houses in the country, differing in
one point to be sure, viz: that 'the
dancers' follow after the bawl! And

I can't see the propriety of thus be-
gunning at the 'too end instead of the
fether,' and consuming camphene and
gas while daylight is cheaper and
plentiful. Besides I don't believe it
is rational for a man to drag himself
out of a warm bed

At five on a misty morning.

deprive himself of that most deli-
cious of all things, a good night's
sleep, and go through the
toil of making his toilet merely
to take a little gentle exercise on an
empty stomach. It is but changing
one kind of sheet music for another.
I allow; but I decidedly prefer the
nasal to the pedal accompaniment.

However, I don't mean to quarrel with
that custom of early risers. But for
an original and unique affair, I think
I can show a party in the country, which
'beats their time' all hollow; and as you
read what follows, remember that it is
all fact.

Traveling last winter through a por-
tion of country whose staple produc-
tions are shingles and hemlock and dog-
wood—the latter, A. No. 1—it was my
fortune to 'burr' in the early part of
the evening at a small inn which hung
out the inviting sign of the 'Hand-in-
Hand'—two huge, hearty, human scrap-
ers closely interlocked being painted on
the board. Here said I to myself, is rest
and entertainment for man and beast.

I bolted into the common sitting room,
anticipating a nice game of solitaire
shindy by a blazing fire—and was nearly
jolted out of my self-possession by
jostling against a knot of pretty girls
dressed out for an evening party. With
a hasty excuse, I lifted up my optics
and discovered the room filled with
a promiscuous company—buxom lasses,
with artificial roses in their head gear
and quite natural ones on their cheeks
—young men, 'dressed up to kill,' with

looks of tallowed brightness long combed out,
and here and there an unambitious
whisker with the calico fringe conspicu-
ous on the chin.

I was about to retire in haste—but
one of the company stepping forward,
politely insisted on my remaining. Af-
ter the fitting excuses I was 'agreeable,'
and joined in the festivity. I soon
learned that the specific object of this
gathering was to come the inclusive on
a quantity of oysters, 'fried stewed roast-
ed, and in the shell,' and oh! shade
of Old Mortality—that the money to be
paid for the supper was to be appropri-
ated to the purchase of a monument for
the grave of the lately deceased
wife of the village parson! The party
was a gay one—dancing and kissing
'ad libitum.'

One old bachelor who had somehow
interpolated himself into the crowd, and
looked as lonely as a goose on a rainy
day standing solitary on one foot, yield-
ing to an impulse of his 'tarnal' nature
kissed the prettiest girl in the room—
She averred that it was done 'clandestinely'—
and a court of judicature being in-
stituted on the spot, the fair damsel
brought an action 'pro vacation amicitie'
The defendant could not prove an *ad libi-*
tini, and failed to show that the plaintiff
was *particeps criminis*. He was ad-
judged to return the stolen goods, and
moreover to pay two dollars. He forked
over the damages and the money was
added to the sepulchral fund.

As the 'twice sma' hours' drew on, the
company, to use their own phrase, 'skit-
tered.'

I could not refrain from remarking
to a lady, who asked my opinion of this
method of embalming the memory of
the dead in oyster soup, it certainly was
mingling the grave with the gay.

Had I dared, I should have sug-
gested that an appropriate execution of
the design would be to build the monument
of the oyster shells, and have the bereaved
minister preach on the top thereof!
—He would be an apt illustration of the
old saw—"Patience on a moment smil-
ing at Grief," or more nautically, Pa-
tience and a lee cat head smiling at a
holy stone.

I found the dwellers in those parts no
less apt as natural philosophers than as
a committee of ways and means, as will
appear from the following brief colloquy
between mine host and myself at
breakfast, the morning after.

Here Landlord, these eggs are boiled
too hard, are they not?

Why, yes—you see, our hens
have all had a bad cold for a few days
back.

I left him receiving a pressing invita-
tion if I ever came again within ten
miles of his place to stop! I think I
shall. Go any nearer I certainly never
shall, lest dying among them, my
posthumous fame might rest on a 'fish
story' or my slumbers be disturbed by
the lading out of the savory stew. I
am half afraid I should shell out at the
announcement of 'Oysters waiting' (I
am desperately fond of the bivalves)
and, appearing like Banquo's ghost, re-
quest them to shell out for me.

Do you think that party can be match-
ed by anything as unique and wholly
sui generis? It's an extreme case, I al-
low—but there are others equally no-
teworthy for some other distinguished fea-
ture. One remark let me make here—
the people in the country do not decide
that any person shall be classed with
'the great excluded' merely on account
of his family connections. It is the pecu-
liar delight of some milk and water
contributors to certain magazines to
represent the country people in a ridicu-
lous aspect of totalism—to assert that
they cultivate a mock gentility, or aping
of 'the upper ten,' and admit to their

social circles Mr. A. or Miss B., be-
cause they have the honor of the ac-
quaintance of Mr. C. the me chant, of
Mrs. D. the genicel lady of the town.
This is not the case. Nowhere does
one's social position depend more direct-
ly on one's individual merit than in the
country; the good people do not take
it as a sure indication of respectability
or honor in one who comes among them
that he has distinguished relations.—
They are rather apt to judge as the
Irishman did of the Quaker.

Publicly attending a Board-trim con-
gregation for the first time, was much asto-
nished and puzzled withal at the manner
of worship. Having been told that the
brethren spoke, even as they were moved
by the Spirit, he watched the
proceedings with increasing disgust, for
their 'daymen' way of worship, till one
young Quaker rose and commenced solemn-
ly.

'Brethren, I have married!'
—The devil ye hev? interrupted Pat
—Quaker sat down in confusion, but
the spirit moving Pat no farther, the
young man mustered courage and broke
ground again:

'Brethren I have married a daugh-
ter of the Lord!'
—The devil ye hev that? said Pat, but
I'll be a long long while before I've
yet seen your father-in-law!

People who lay claim to respectability
and distinction on account of their
distinguished relations will see a moral
in this, we hope. How like you this
'chunk from the country? Have you
guessed what part of the 'great ked'ny'
we belong to? We have hung out no
sign to indicate our whereabouts; it is
not always safe.

From the Springfield Republican.
A TRUE STORY OF HUMAN NA-
TURE.

There was once, in a small town in
Massachusetts, an old Indian woman.—
Some how or other, the old woman had
accumulated quite a desirable little
property. Yet she was an Indian, and
was treated with a cool contempt by her
neighbors. She had no seat in the so-
cial circle, received no attention from
those around her, and occupied a back
seat in the church; and down towards
the grave she traveled without a friend
or comforter.

Old Nance had but one relative liv-
ing that she knew of, and he a wild
graceless son. He was the terror of
the village, and spent his time in any-
thing but a respectable way. At last
the sagabond son so worried the forbear-
ance of his old mother, that she resolv-
ed to disinherit him, and leave her money
to the church. Accordingly she started
for the house of one of the deacons,
and made a clean breast of her troubles,
and acquainted him with her determination.
The deacon grew from a cool to a very
amiable mood as she proceeded, and at
last became profuse in his expressions of
gratitude.

The will, through the agency of the
deacon, was drawn; but the old woman,
feeling a little compunction, had a
change inserted which should make it
void, provided the son should totally re-
form his habits. Secrecy was enjoined
upon the deacon, who, of course, said
nothing about it save to one or two
friends, who of course spread it all over
the village in the space of one day.

But the change wrought in the situ-
ation of old Nance, was miraculous.—
"Such a good old woman!" The nice
bits from the best tables began to jour-
ney under neat napkins to her humble
abode. On a rainy Sunday, a carriage
took her to church, where she was kind-
ly favored with a front pew, near the
speaker, and near the stove. Her
praise was in every body's mouth, and
her tottering form commanded respect
everywhere. But she thrived remark-
ably under this treatment, and lived,
and lived, and lived. In the meantime,
the son was looked upon with more
than usual distrust, and the poor widow
was deeply commiserated on his disre-
putable course.

Years passed away, and the kind at-
tentions of friends were still continued
to the widow, when at last, old Nance
slept the sleep that knows no waking.
A large funeral, one of the largest the
village had ever seen, attended her to
her grave in the churchyard. There
were tears shed above her bier, and
benisons breathed upon her memory.

The funeral was past. The deacon,
the squire, and a number of the village
notables were gathered in her dwelling,
and in one corner sat her sad and tacit-
urn son.

"Squire," said the deacon, "I be-
lieve there is a will."

"Yes, there is a will."

"Will you have the kindness to read
it?"

The will was produced. All was si-
lent. The will was read, in which all
the widow's was bequeathed to the
church. Many an eye sought the face
of the periodical sci, but saw no change
in his stolid features.

restedness of the village, went home
thinking and the son had the pleasant
satisfaction of knowing that his moth-
er's last days were her best days.
Reader, this is not a fiction. It is
but an instance of the weakness in our
common natures, which, in similar de-
velopments, comes before us with hu-
minating frequency, alike in the highest
and lowest walks of life.

COURT AFFAIRS IN CAL-
IFORNIA.

PERHAPS no country in the world
has afforded more rich and racy pas-
sages in the experience of judges and
lawyers, than California. It is true
that an excellent system is fast grow-
ing out of 'confusion worse confound-
ed,' but times past that would have
made a grave Quaker laugh, even
though the spirit moved him to pray;
and these have been served up, from
time to time, for the benefit of the
readers of various journals in the
States. The past has afforded some
amusement, but the present, even
with our advancement, is not with-
out its quaint and quizzical reminis-
cences. Judge W., not unknown in a
neighboring county to Boston, on go-
ing into the Sonoma District, and
while lingering near the Court House,
waiting for the appointed hour to ar-
rive to take his seat upon the bench,
he was accosted by a "six-foot and
well proportioned" fellow, in this
wise:

"Well, Judge, I s'pose you don't
know me. I'm the deputy constable,
and I calculate between us we'll see
justice done to everybody, though
there's a terrible row about it."

"Of course my friend," replied the
Judge, "but who appointed you to so
responsible a station?"

"Why, you see, Judge, the con-
stable was going away, and Court
was comin' round, and the people
wanted somebody to do their busi-
ness, and as I'd had some leetle 'spere-
nce in Rhode Island, the constable
appointed me his deputy."

"Have you done any business?"
asked his honor, a little curious to
know how far he had exercised au-
thority as "deputy constable."

"There's the joke out, Judge,"
replied the official, going off into a
horse laugh that would have raised a
disturbance at a close-bake in his
native State. "You see the people
heard the constable was going off,
and as he had a few I. O. U.'s stand-
ing, they attached his property, and
of course as I was the deputy
constable, I served the documents,
and have got the artikals yet snug,
to see what say about the business.
That's the joke out. He appointed
me his deputy, and the first business
I did was to nab his own property."

"The Court" vanned round the
corner of the building, and gave vent
to its merriment in rather an undig-
nified, yet strictly legal roar of laughter,
while the "deputy" walked into the
adjoining tent to liquor.

A CURIOUS FACT.—The crocodile
in feeding on the banks of the Nile,
or basking in the sun, is very much
annoyed at what Herodotus calls
bellia. The inside of his mouth is
lined with them. All birds, one
alone excepted, fly from the crocodile;
but that bird, the *trochilus*, on the
contrary, flies to him with eagerness,
and renders him a great service, for
every time the crocodile licks to
rest him, and stretches himself out
with open jaws, the *trochilus* enters
his mouth, which it clears of the
bellia it finds there. The crocodile
is grateful and never hurts this little
bird, from which it receives so good
an office. This was till lately discred-
ited as a fiction of Aristotle and Pliny,
but recent enquiries establish the
fact. The term *bellia* does not signi-
fy a leech, as was supposed, but is a
kind of goat, myriads of which insects
swarm on the banks of the Nile.—
These insects strike their trunks into
the orifices of the glands which ab-
ound in the mouth of the crocodile,
and the tongue of the crocodile be-
ing immovable, he cannot get rid of
them. It is then that the *trochilus*,
a kind of little red plover, which nar-
cusses the gnats everywhere, hastens
to his relief and dislodges his trouble-
some enemies, and that without any
danger to itself, the crocodile always
taking care when he is about to shut
his mouth, to make certain move-
ment which warns the bird to fly
away.

Gentlemen of the jury, said a west-
ern lawyer, "you are met here on one
of the most solemn occasions that ever
happened since I had a brief. The de-
fendant being a stout, able-bodied man,
rushed like an assassin upon my client,
who is a frail young widow, and why
did not the thunder of heaven blast him
when he stooped towards her, stretched
forth his arms like the forked lightning
of Jupiter, and gave her a kiss on the
mouth!"

ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN ME-
CHANICS.

"Do not send abroad for help if you
have work to do, when it can be done
in your own neighborhood—perhaps at
your next door. Encourage your own
honest, industrious, faithful mechanics.
They need all the work they can get.—
By such a course, you keep money at
home, assist the worthy, and have just
as good work performed. It is the only
way to make a town prosperous—to
support your schools and churches.—
Where there is a disposition to send a
hundred miles for articles that, to say
the least, could be manufactured as well
at your own door, there will always be
little or no business done in the place—
the churches will be thinly attended,
and all kinds of labor extremely dull.
Wherever mechanics are the best em-
ployed, prosperity is seen—the social
virtues predominate, traveling mounte-
banks and pedlars retire in disgust, and
a kindly, brotherly feeling is experi-
enced, which is the source of unpeasable
happiness.

"Whatever you have to be done, look
around and see if your neighbors can
not do it. If you have a house to build
or shoe to tap, a harness to be made or
a pump to be bored, a pack of business
cards to be printed, or a well to be dug,
just look among your neighbors, before
you undertake to send abroad; and if
you have none around you capable of
the task, it will be time enough to
look elsewhere. It is a wrong idea, to
suppose nothing is serviceable that is
made at home. We know of many in-
stances where men have refused to pur-
chase work made by their neighbors,
and sent to a distance city for the arti-
cles they needed, and paid a third more
for them, when behold! they had been
manufactured and sent away to sell by
the very neighbors of whom they refused
to purchase.

"Let it be the motto of all—I will
encourage my own neighbors. In turn
you will be encouraged also. A mutu-
al feeling of good will and kindness will
spring up in your midst, and prosperity
will be observable in every street and
in every dwelling."

From the Middlebury Register.
EXCURSION TO LAKE DUN-
MORE MAJOR GEN. WOOL.

CHRISTENING OF "LANA CASCADE."
We do not expect soon again to en-
joy so agreeable a day as that which
found us at Lake Dunmore, last week.
—one of a small party who accompanied
Major General Wool, on a short visit
to that romantic resort. The sun shined
atoppositly through the day, and the
water of the lake, the snow-capped
mountains, the winding stream, and the
snowy cascades, were all in their 'them-
day trim.' By the aid of strong arms
and an expert steersman, we were be-
yond the lake, and crossing the narrow
meadow, winding amidst the low shrub-
bery, and climbing green banks and
mossy rocks, we ascended the ravine
which has not been heretofore altogeth-
er 'unknown in prose or verse,' towards
the beautiful cascade, familiar to all
tourists in this region.

Beneath an overhanging precipice
we stood and gazed upward at the tum-
bling water-fall, as it comes white-robed
down the winding and almost perpen-
dicular grove of the mountain, and sur-
faced our sight with the beautiful view.
Then ascending still higher we came to
a lovely and secluded basin, into which
still another cataract pours from above,
and from which, through the trees, we
could discern the beautiful lake below.
Lieut. Symmes, of the U. S. Army, who
was of the party, and who has spent
several months amongst the most noted
scenery of continental Europe, assured
us that he never saw a cascade of more
surpassing beauty, or wilder and more
charming scenery.

Here it was proposed, by one of our
number, that the stream, known hith-
erto by name neither poetic nor eupho-
nious—derived from the fish that abounded
at its mouth—should be christened anew
by our heroic guest. The motion pre-
vailed by a unanimous vote. While
the General meditated on the subject, a
lucky thought suggested itself to the
mind of the Lieutenant, which after
some modest scruples on the part of his
superior, at length received his assent,
and the unanimous and enthusiastic ap-
proval of the company. Whereupon,
in honor of Gen. Wool, the waterfall
was with all the due ceremonies, christ-
ened "Lana Cascade." The health of
our guest having been duly drunk,
he responded with hearty and felicita-
tous expressions of thanks, which were re-
ceived with "three times three"—and the
Lana flowed on, rejoicing in a proud
and euphonious name, which, hencefor-
ward, it will never lose.

Returning duly to our inn, we sat
down to an excellent dinner—at which
we listened to an account of the Buena
Vista battle from the lips of one who
was entitled to say of those stirring and
immortal scenes—though his modest
sense of his services forbade him so to
speak of his exploits—"quorum magna
pars fui."

The fund of anecdote and historical
reminiscence with which the party were
regaled that day, will not soon be for-
gotten. "Lana's limpid stream," and
the "Lana's Cascade" will remain as
abiding memories of the excursion, and
though its events be forgotten as those
who were there shall "pass away," the
name will endure so long as those pure
waters continue to flow, and the spot
visited by Gen. Wool on the day of its
christening, will be handed down as the

most interesting of traditions, to future
generations.

Reaching home just in season for our
friends to take their seat in the cars, on
their way to visit the military station at
Plattsburgh, we reluctantly bade fare-
well, with cheers for the second in com-
mand of the illustrious field of Buena
Vista.

May, Gen. Wool, though he has seen
a veteran's service, is yet in the prime
of life and vigor, and none, we are sure,
will more heartily rejoice in the higher
honors that no doubt still await him,
than his friends in Vermont whom he
honored with his presence on this occa-
sion.

"Lana is both the Latin and the Spanish
for wool. During the Mexican war, the General
was known by the Mexicans as Gen. Lana."

WORTH TELLING AGAIN.—When
Nicholas Biddle—famously called
Nick Biddle—was connected with the
U. S. Bank, there was an old negro
named Harry, who used to be hanging
around the premises. One day, in so-
cial mood, Biddle said to the darkey:—
"Well, what is your name, my old
friend?"

"Harry, sir—ole Harry, sir," said the
other, touching his shaggy hair.

"Ole Harry," said Biddle, "that is
the name that they give to the Devil,
is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said the old colored gen-
tleman, "some times ole Harry, and
some times ole Nick."

A LESSON.—When Buchanan was
tutor to James V., in order to caution
him against granting requests too easily,
he presented him with two papers to
sign, which the prince did without tak-
ing the trouble to read them. His as-
tonishment may be guessed, when
Buchanan showed him that he had signed
a resignation of the throne of Eng-
land and Scotland to him (Buchanan),
and his heirs.

A Voter for Gen. Washington.—
John Vanhooker lives in the county
of Jefferson, Tenn., and he voted for
Gen. Washington for Presidency.—
He is in the 122d year of his age.—
Until recently, the Knoxville [Tenn.]
Register tells us, he was in the habit
of walking to and from that town on
calls of business, a distance of five or
six miles without experiencing fatigue.
He is a German by birth; but emi-
grated to this country about one hun-
dred years since. He was in several
of the most important battles of our
revolution. He voted for Gen.
Washington for President of the U. S.,
and boasts that he has never failed
at any election for President from
that time till the present. We un-
derstand that recently one of his
grand daughters, a lass of 81 years
of age, paid him a visit, and found
the old gentleman in his usual health.
We doubt if another such case of
longevity can be found in the United
States.

MR. KNIGHT AND HIS TOM CAT.—
Some few years since, an eccentric in-
dividual by the name of Knight, entered
the office of the Secretary of State of
Massachusetts, having in his arm an enor-
mous tom cat. With great gravity of
manner, our hero inquired for the State
Treasurer's. He was informed that the
office was situated in the opposite wing
of the State House, and making a
very humble and respectful bow, and
yet a bow of kindly dignity, he was
about retiring, when the Hon. Secre-
tary of State happening to notice the
awful cat, quickly exclaimed, "Hold on,
my good fellow! what upon earth do
you intend to do with that cat?" "Why,
sir," responded Mr. K. gracefully look-
ing again, "I wish to find the office of
the Treasurer. I am well satisfied there
must be rats there, and as I have
brought my cat to purge the sacred
place of such detestable vermin."
A general burst of laughter, from the
clerks of the office, followed this an-
nouncement, and Mr. K. proceeded on
his feline mission.—Do you Grieve?

SAME.—A lady, whose husband
was led out to be hanged, having
heard that a riot had occurred under
the gallows, ran to the scene of action,
and on seeing her husband on the
scaffold, with the rope adjusted, and
trap on, exclaimed, "Oh! I have been
so frightened!" but I am glad to find
my husband all safe!

From the N. E. Farmer.
THE SEASON & THE CROPS.

THE WEATHER.—May was a cold,
wet month, and the spring was one of
the most backward ever known.—
Fine weather commenced about the
first of June, and since that time it
has been very favorable for vegeta-
tion. It has generally been warm,
and we have a good proportion of
rainy and fair weather. There has
been no drought, and only have there
been symptoms of it; and even then
the busy farmer wishing for more hay.

THE CROPS have generally been
good, or are promising. An abun-
dant harvest will crown the labors of
the skillful and industrious husband-
man.

HAY.—This crop is one of the ear-
liest ever raised in New England.—
But farmers should be cautious, and
not count too much upon it, and pre-
pare to winter too much stock.—
Large crops of hay do not spend well,
and early in the season the grass
was cut immediately after several
weeks mostly of dull weather, and
the hay, as well as the strawberries
that ripened at that time, lack sub-
stance and flavor. Old hay is mostly
consumed throughout the country,
and owing to several fine seasons for
grass, there is a great deal of stock
in the land, and should it be low, an
attempt will be made to winter an
unusual amount; and should we have
a long, cold winter, some will find
that early in the spring their cattle
are not worth the value of the hay
they have consumed.

RYE is good, but a part of the
crop has suffered from the unfavor-
able weather at harvest.

WHEAT.—It is too early to deter-
mine how far this crop will be affect-
ed by the great evils, rust and the
grain worm.

Indian Corn is rather backward,
but it is growing luxuriantly, and
gaining rapidly upon the season.

Potatoes have had a fine season,
and they are making a good growth.
From the last of June to the pre-
sent time, August 8, we have had
frequent rains, and generally warm,
muggy weather; just the kind that
predestines potatoes to rot, and in
many cases they are becoming affect-
ed, in some localities to a consid-
erable extent. Bright weather, like
the present day, may check it.—
Though we do not consider warm,
wet weather the primary cause of po-
tato rot, yet we regard it as one of
the principal predisposing or second-
ary causes, and one which is indis-
pensable to its production.

FRUIT.—Small fruits, such as
strawberries, gooseberries, currants,
raspberries, whortleberries and black-
berries, have been abundant, and
this market has been well supplied
with them for two months. They
are delicious and wholesome, and fill
an important place between the late
apples and the early apples, pears,
peaches, plums, and grapes. Owing
to the cold, wet weather in May,
the crop of cherries was very light.
There is a fair prospect for a mid-
dle crop of plums. Pears vary
from empty trees to those that are
breaking down under their load,
where the negligent cultivator has
omitted to thin the fruit. The pros-
pect for pears is generally pretty
fair. The Bartlett, the leading pear
in this section, is rather thin, which
led some to suppose that it would be
large and fine, but there is a blast
upon it in many places, giving it a
rusty appearance. There is a pros-
pect of the largest peach crop ever
raised in New England. Some cul-
tivators have expended much time
in thinning their fruit. The apple is
the most important fruit, as we ob-
tain large crops with little expense,
and it is in use nearly the whole
year, both for the kitchen and dessert.
Apple-trees bloss